

"Here we throng to praise the Lord"
By Miss Caroline Sampson.

And we throng to praise the Lord;
Listen now, listen now,
And we throng to praise the Lord,
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned our best Redeemer,
With a father's love hath said,
"Hail accept our praise."
H

{ "Let young children come to me" }
Jesus said Jesus said;
And forbid them not.
"For of such," the Saviour told them,
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
What a precious thought it is,
Christ forget us not.
H

{ Let us love, & now adore: }
Love him now, love him now.
In our youthful strength.
Let us never grieve our Saviour,
Who hath died to win us favor.
Ah! this thought should melt our hearts,
Children's hearts can melt.

(This fourth verse need be sung only at Celebrations.)

III

But we'll have a joyous song,
Joyous songs, joyous songs;
But we'll have a joyous song,
For our Jubilee.

I send lives to reign for ever;
This will make us joyous ever;
Savior, hear this praise to thee,
Who purchased me.

{ Sing with feeling }
"I dearly love a little child,"
Air "Song from" Mrs. Jane of S. C.
in "Southern Harp"
I dearly love a little child,
And Jesus loves young children too;
He ever on them sweetly smiled,
And placed them with his chosen few
Then cradled on its mother's breast,
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,
He laid his hands upon its head,
And blessed it with a promise sweet.
"Forbid them not," the Savior said,
"O, suffer them to come to me"
Of such my heavenly Kingdom is,
Like them let all my followers be.
Young children are the gem of earth,
The brightest jewels mother have;
They sparkle on the straining breast,
But brighter shine beyond the grave.

"We are the Lord"